# A new BALLAD

Of a famous German PRINCE, and a renowned English DUKE, who on St. *James's* day, one thou-
fought with a *Beast with Seven Heads*, call'd *Provinces*; not by Land, but by Water; not to be said, but sung; not
high English nor *Low Dutch*; but to a new French Tune, call'd *Monsieur Ragou*, or, *The Dancing Hobby-horses.*

*On S. James's day (1581) the seven Provinces first resolv'd themselves into Free-States.

THere happen'd of late a terrible Fray
Begun upon our * S. *James's* day,
With a *Thump, Thump, Thump, Thump, Thump, Thump, Thump, Thump* a *Thump, Thump*!
Where *Rupert* and *George* for CHARLEMAGN
Swindg'd the *Dutch* again and again,
(As if they had been but the *French* or *Dane*)
With a *Thump*, &c.

'Twas brave *Tom Allen* led the Van,
Stout *Utber*, and bold *Tiddiman*,
With a *Thump*, &c.
And then our Immortal GENERALS
With twenty thousand Thunder-balls
Pierc'd their boggie flesh-mud-walls
With a *Thump, Thump*, &c.

The Game was hot, and then you'll swear
That *Jordan* (Heart of Oak) was there
With a *Thump, Thump*, &c.
And gallant *Holmes* that never fails,
Torn and hurt, yet still prevails,
Valiant with or without his Sails,
With a *Thump*, &c.

The *Royal Charles* was all their aim
(For there they knew was Princely Game)
With a *Thump*, &c.
*Seven Provinces* here spend their Quire,
(*De Ruyter's* mighty Triple Tire)
But had his answer all in Fire
With a *Thump, Thump*, &c.

For here our glorious *Prince* and *Duke*
Gave him such a sore Rebuke
With a *Thump*, &c.
That now *De Ruyter* findes it clear
The Warlike *English* have no peer,
Who dare do any thing but Fear
A *Thump, Thump*, &c.

The *Soveraign* came to revenge her Wrongs,
(Becalm'd a while for want of Lungs,
Without any *Thump*, &c.)
But soon as her dreadful Sail displaid
Good Lord what Lanes and Wrecks she made!
The Devil a *Dutch* came nigh or staid,
For fear of a *Thump, Thump*, &c.

Her Balls of Fire the *Flemming* sees
Are thrice as big as a Holland-Cheese,
With a *Thump*, &c.
And now they ran, they ran, they ran,
And left poor *Zealand*, shift as it can;
They made him the Rere, who would be the *Van-Van Tromp, Tromp, Tromp*, &c.

The *Kings* own Colours (*Red* and *White*)
Pursu'd the Boors all day and night
With a *Thump*, &c.
O how 'twould *Lords* and *Commons* please
To see our *Soveraign of the Seas*
Chacing their *Seven Provinces*
With a *Thump*, &c.

Over Flatts and Banks we fir'd their Tails
(Till we heard their croaking Nightingales)
With a *Thump*, &c.
This Difference 'twixt two Navies stands,
Ours built for the Sea, and theirs for the Sands,
We had sent them else to their last *Netherlands*
With a *Thump, Thump*, &c.

Their Shot fell at our Tackling short,
Lest when they ran we should pursue
With a *Thump*, &c.
For though the *Dutch* are *Sea-men* known,
Bold *English* are the *Marks-men* known,
And therefore kill them six for one
With a *Thump, Thump*, &c.

Our Rere was *Smith*, with other two
(*Spragge* and *Kempthorn*) both true Blew,
With a *Thump*, &c.
And here the *Zealanders* came on,
Who stoutly gave us Gun for Gun,
Till *Holland*, like They also run
With a *Thump, Thump*, &c.

*In In, In In*, said Valiant *Spragge*,
Wee'l beat this vapouring *Tromp* to th' *Hague*
With a *Thump*, &c.
His Chaplain fell to his wonted work,
Cry'd *Now for the King and the Duke of York*!
He pray'd like a *Christian*, and fought like a *Turk*
With a *Thump, Thump*, &c.

Six thousand *Dutch* (a Low-Country Dish)
We sent to their own Cozen the *Fish*
With a *Thump*, &c.
The rest into Holes so tamely crawl
That little *Fanfan* dar'd them all,
Great *Rupert's* Sloop is an *Admiral*,
With a *Thump, Thump*, &c.

What *Amsterdamnable* Cowards are these
To boast that they were *Lords of the Seas*
With a *Thump*, &c.
Their Impudent *Gazette* proclaims
How bravely they lock'd up the *Thames*!
But had no leave from CHARLES or JAMES,
And therefore had a *Thump, Thump*, &c.

And now *De Wijt's* new *Holland Rump*
(Who rides the *States*) will burn to th' Stump
With a *Thump*, &c.
For *George* in *England* once before
Hath fir'd one *Rump*, and will do more
Till Men and Bells all *Dutch-land* o're
Sing *Rump, Rump*, &c.

Then let them invent some other cheat,
Go hang their Captains 'cause th'are beat
With a *Thump*, &c.
Let *Monsieur* or *Myn Heer* that snarls,
At our *Soveraign* and *Royal Charles*,
Beware of *Ruperts* and *Albemarles*
With a *Thump, Thump, Thump*, &c.

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